

HELP!

JUNE . ICD . 35¢

GIRLS

& BROADWAY
AUDITIONS WITH
JACK CARTER

THE BIG **FIGHT**

CHAMPIONSHIP HUMOR BY
JACK DAVIS

FUNNY THINGS
ON OLD COMIC

STRIPS

AND
MONKEYS

AND
WATER CLOSETS



JANE MASON



Help!

HELP!

VOL. 1, NO. 11 JUNE 1961

editor HARVEY KURTZMAN
publisher JAMES WARREN
assistant editor CHUCK ALVERSON
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GEORGE KIRGO



productions
HARRY
CHESTER



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a star
is born



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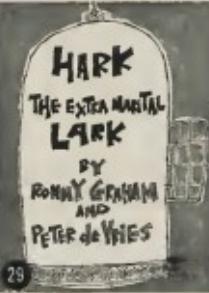
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TO A
FIGHT



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What
do you mean
which one of us
is wearing a
Hathaway
shirt?



... and if I catch you
going out without your
dickie once more ...





Don't worry, darling,
your father's going to
love my mother.





DONNA WITH DAVID JANSEN AND PATTI PAGE

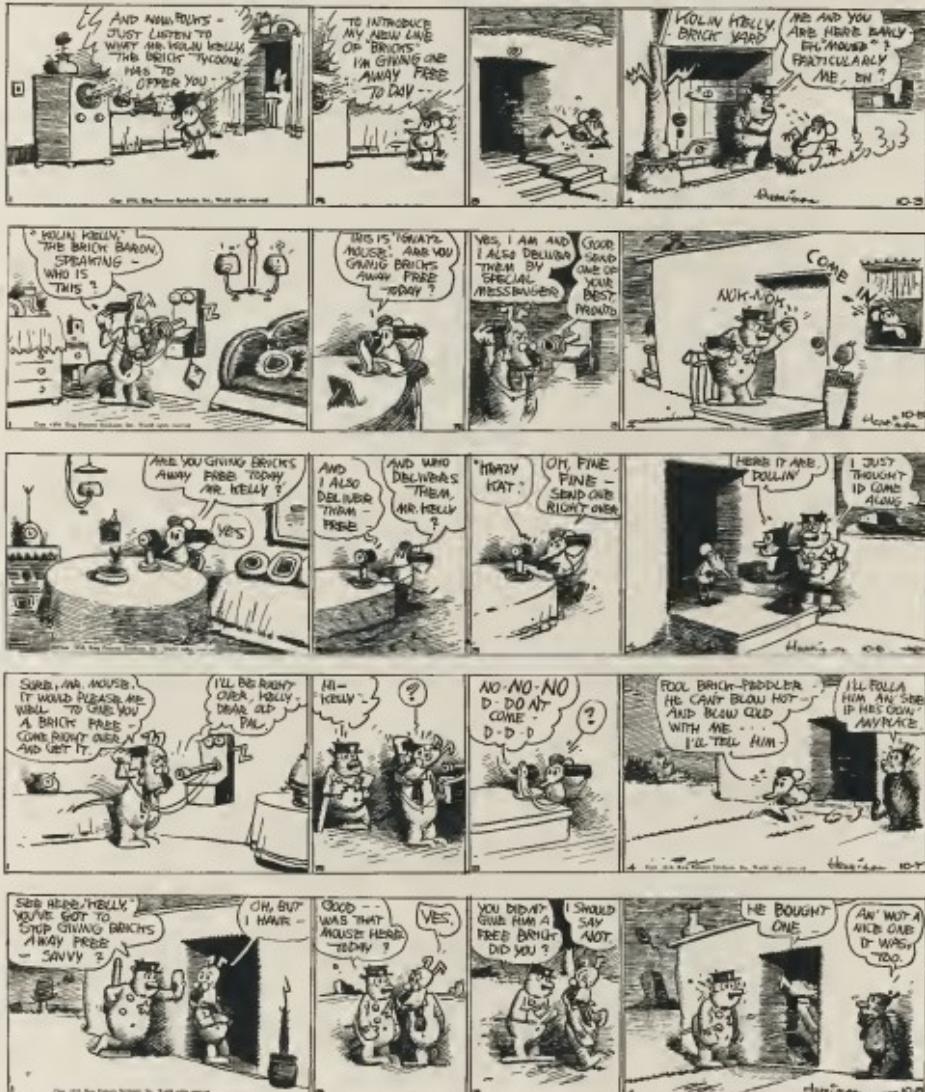


"KRAZY KAT"



Encouraged by the enthusiastic response to LITTLE NEMO, we decided to try some reprinted KRAZY KAT on you. This strip, created by George Herriman for the New York Journal in 1908 and syndicated in 52 news-

papers, is a classic among American comic strips and at one time was one of the most popular in America. Herriman, a poet-cartoonist, portrays in these panels the Eternal Triangle: Kat, Kop, and Mouse (with brick).



EDITOR'S PREFACE

The copy of HELPI you now hold in your trembling hands has issued from our plush new offices at 422 Madison Avenue in New York. Rising majestically from ulcer gutch to a glorious height of five stories where it towers between two skyscrapers, 422 is distinguished by a noteworthy device... a large sign in gold trim, almost the full length of the building, proclaiming in huge checkerboard letters "Chock Full O' Nuts".



New HELPI offices.

JACK CARTER

In this month's fumetti we have, as well as Cover Girl Mason, Jack Carter, battle-scarred veteran of thousands of TV variety shows. Jack took to his role with great aplomb. He practically lived the part. Immediately after the shooting, Jack flew to the coast... without benefit of plane.

LETTERS

For our morale sake, MORE!!
"Kissie!"

Boys from Robert Louis Stevenson School for Boys
Now, boys... ad.



kissies

NO SMUT

In a tired moment I picked up a copy of HELPI interesting that I found CH GJ Wells and Blackwood in the MAD issue. I know that Wells in his real Fabulous days in London... you have so little and almost no smut. How do you expect to make money? Good luck with your venture — I wasn't born yesterday — 1978 — and not very tired.

Edmond McNamee
New York City

We're tired — and we're not BS. ed.

MUCH SMUT

I have not missed an issue of

your magazine since its birth, however, I have noticed that it is becoming unnecessarily too sexy. I realize that a frustrated person's money is just as good as anyone else's but may I suggest that you identify as a "humor mag" and not to readers who appreciate good satire.

Tim Black
Western Illinois University

PLUGS

It was a great fun to have your latest HELPI! There's hardly one feature which I would single out for praise because they're each so good. Of course, I would like to kissie everything is fine, but... But on page 12 did your cartoonist have to put the Lions after Kwanza?

Anton K. Dekom
Louis International
Chicago, Illinois

Status seekers... ed.



everything fine but...

The first scene of the fumetti was shot in the luxurious apartment of Bob Benton, Art Director and Genius at Esquire Magazine. We used Bob's apartment and he wasn't even there. We forced the lock. The second and last scene took place in the plush confines of the office of a producer (who shall remain nameless) on Theatrical Row. Ah, if walls could talk...



Carter relaxes at coffee break.



page seem a little shaky (note the cigar between the wrong two fingers), it's because the hands belong to Chuck Alverson, Boy Assistant Editor, who absolutely cannot be trusted in a situation like this.



Nervous Alverson, grabs and misses.

DAVIS & the FIGHT

Scant hours before the opening bell, we decided to send cartoonist Jack Davis to see the heavyweight fight (Johansson vs. Patterson) in Miami. And although seats were going for a \$20.00 minimum and we barely managed to get him a reservation on the last available flight to Miami... and he brought back a fine cartoon story... the smell of rosin... the look of the lights and the feel of the mink that attends heavyweight boxing today (page 23).



Still another assignment in the works, even as we speak, is a trip to Moscow by intrepid cartoonist Arnold Roth, especially for HELPI!

Harvey Kurtzman

COMPLAINT

Permit me to congratulate you for your excellent magazine. I am a fan of yours. However, if you don't mind my objecting, I think it is unfair for the editors to try and "educate" us the readers by the way. I am a member of a minority group, Mexican

Chico Ramos
Redlands, California



education

BLINTZES

You have a pretty good magazine, especially the later issues. May I suggest: less text (reprinted text, I mean — originals are fine). More of Will Elder and Jack Davis in the style of the MAD comics or

early magazines (which I regard as some of the best satires ever created). If these changes are too drastic for HELPI, then when you go out of business and start a new magazine, let me see it follow these patterns. Otherwise, my blintzes are starting to burn, so I have to go.

Fred Camper
New York City

Watch those blintzes!... ed.

I'm a fan of yours, Kurtzman, I joined at MAD and almost missed out on the first issues of the BIG. You almost succeeded in putting it out without my knowing it. Frankly when TRUMP fell through, I did expect you to come back so soon. I am looking forward to see where you are again when you belong, at the head of a humor zine. You have everything needed to keep you WHERE you're not forgetting. I have grown up from those early days. I am married and have a son almost a year old. I hope that in a few more years, when he is old enough, you will still be around to make him smile... a snicker... roar with laughter as you did so often to his old man.

Please address all mail to HELPI letters, Department 31, 422 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 17, N. Y.



a star is born

Starring JACK CARTER

Written by David Shaber

Take a girl . . . young, beautiful, ambitious (Jane Mason) with two roommates . . . young, beautiful, cynical (Gloria Dean and Elaine Wallace). Add a producer . . . talented, affluent, human. Throw in a casting couch . . . mix well and . . .



Brenda, you can speak frankly.
I'm very broad minded.

Mr. Fink
is broad-
minded, too.
That's just the
trouble. Look,
Imogene, you've
heard about
the birds and
the bees?

Well,
you ought
to know what
kind of a
bird Fink is.
He eats girls
like you for
breakfast -

And
spits
them
out for
lunch.

Brenda - Mildred -
are you trying to
tell me that Mr. Fink's
might - well, might
actually get -
F-R-E-S-H?

Bren,
I think
we're
getting
through.

Brenda, I feel
sorry for you. You've
lost sight of the true
nobility of the theatre.
Any man who could produce
a play like "I Moved to York
Avenue and Found Love" -
a sensitive play about a
woman of ill repute who
sees the light and takes
religious orders in Act III
- such a man has to be
above reproach. How
can you even mention
his name and such
a vile act in the
same breath?

I lost my head.

- Real Iowa clover,
to remind me of my
roots, to keep me in
contact with real
people -

Save it
for the
audition.

Brenda, sometimes
I'm afraid that life in
the city is affecting your
sweet, unspoiled nature.
Wish me luck.

If he gets that
far, you'll need
more than luck.

Besides, what can happen
to me while I'm wearing my
lucky charm. A tuft of real Iowa
clover. See, I've pinned it next
to my heart.





But the part is a nun.

Not in the first two acts -

Oh, Mr. Fink -

All right, all right.

You don't understand. I have ideals, I believe in the nobility of the theatre - and now this.

I know, I know. Do you think you're the only one? I produce a beautiful, sensitive play like "I Moved to York Avenue and Found God," and what happens?

Mr. Fink, I -

Does anybody go? They're murdering me. You think you've got problems?

I never realized -

Can't sleep nights, I'm a nervous wreck. No wonder I can't control myself. I'm gonna quit this business.

Oh, no, Mr. Fink, you mustn't do that -

I get these headaches ...

Mr. Fink, you mustn't talk about quitting. - Headaches?

Right here... No, I'm getting out. There's no room in this business for artistic integrity.

Oh yes, there is, I know it. You mustn't lose touch with the things that count... Does that feel better?

A little - Believe me, Imogene, on Broadway nothing counts - you forget the little things.

You must remind yourself with something from your roots, like I do. I always keep my tuft of Iowa clover with me. Look.

Where?



I knew they were wrong. There are still some ideals left in the theatre!

END

WOHL NUTS

By

Jack Wohl

HOW COME I NEVER
GET INVITED TO
PARTIES?



1.



I KNOW THEY'RE
HAPPY NOW,
BUT IT DON'T
LAST.



2.



OKAY, LEROY,
NOW EXHALE.



3.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN THERE'S
NO ROOM? I'M THE PILOT!



4.

BUTTERFINGERS!!!



THE NEW YORK TIMES

Some Day Kill When Beamed At Monkey's Brain

By WILLIAM M. BLAIR
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, April 24 — The Army, Navy and Air Forces have been sponsoring extensive research programs on the biological effects of . . . the ultra-high frequency range or UHF, as it is known to television listeners. A spokesman at the health institute said today that . . . this test depends entirely upon the position of the head."

In the middle of the room a monkey was fastened to a chair in a sitting position . . . with the head inclined somewhat backward. The switch was turned on, like the snap of a light bulb.

radio made a humming noise and during the first few seconds the monkey did nothing other than sit in a pose of watchful waiting.

Then he became drowsy. A minute or so after he became aroused, alert and somewhat agitated, moving his head from side to side.

Then in another minute or more there appeared unmistakable signs of impending disturbance in the vital centers of the monkey's brain. His nose became red, his skin paled, and an anxious look dominated his eyes. He grimaced and wrinkled his lips, his eyebrows began to quiver . . .

His respirations became more and more irregular, he began to convulse and suddenly was thrown into a major convulsion a few seconds before his sudden death, his life having been extinguished.

The switch was turned off, like the snap of a light bulb.

It will contine
and then

stated to
as its
an expert
of Charles
a also ex-
said Rich-
ard Corp-

ky ex-
w United
airman
one min-
honorably
to

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., April 24 — The
tee of the
Democratic Party,
honorably
to

By ROBERT MAIORANA

A group of tenants charged State Supreme Court yesterday that the State Rent Commission had issued eviction notices that were not in accordance with the law. The tenants asked the court to dismiss the notices.

The tenants based their charges on five points. The chief one was that the commission was "completely at odds with the very purpose for which it exists."

In papers submitted in oral arguments, the tenants declared that the law intended to demolish 196 inadequate, low-income housing units for the purpose of erecting 20 luxury apartments. The landlord is Jack Parker, a real estate developer.

WHAT? ANOTHER ULTIMATE WEAPON?

By Max Williams

I have prepared a screen treatment for an original documentary-type movie and I'm calling it **THEY DIED WITH THEIR EYES OPEN**....

We fade in on an unnamed frontier in an unnamed allied country. The camera moves in for a medium shot of a command post atop an unnamed hill, then dissolves right through the sandbags and into the bunker.

Inside is a mass of electronic equipment and a little group of tense faced unnamed soldiers. A bit to one side (and with clean faces to show that they're

officers) stands General Ironblood and Lieutenant Crinkly — a pink-faced youth fresh out of West Point.

"Well, Crinkly," muses the general, "it looks like this is it. They've rejected our ultimatum to withdraw their ultimatum. In exactly thirty seconds a million propaganda-crazed enemy soldiers will pour over that hill." He chuckles grimly. "Well, we're ready for 'em."

We cut briefly to a medium shot of a propaganda-crazed enemy officer looking at his watch. A dramatic (and somewhat vulgar) wave of his hand — and one million enemy soldiers go over the top, screaming slogans and firing their rifles wildly.

Back at the bunker the sound of the approaching enemy can be heard.

"They're coming, sir!" shouts Lieutenant Crinkly. "Shall I give the orders?"

General Ironblood shakes his head, "No, son. That's my job." He looks philosophical for a moment as the background music swells to a dramatic pitch. "It's my responsibility to snuff out the lives of untold men. I've had to give orders like this before — in battle after battle, war after war. And you know something? Now matter how many times I do it, I still get a kick out of it." His face hardens into a heroic mold as he shouts: "Stand by to transmit!"

"All channels ready, sir!" answers an unnamed soldier from Brooklyn.

The general begins his countdown. "Five, four, three, two, one — let 'em have it!"

With this we quickly flash to a long shot of the enemy horde. Still shrieking and firing their rifles, they top the crest of a new hill to discover — not Yankee soldiers, but thousands upon thousands of portable TV sets, all pointing their way.

A few hotheads fire at the sets, but most of the soldiers advance eagerly to liberate the capitalistic gadgets. Suddenly the sets flash on, and a Swizzle Soap Suds commercial cavitons on fifty thousand 21-inch screens. As one man, a million enraged enemy soldiers raise their rifle butts to smash the offending sets — and at this instant we cut back to the bunker.

General Ironblood is peering out of a slit in the sandbags. "Subliminal pitch — on!" he barks.

"Subliminal pitch transmitting," answers an unnamed soldier from Texas. Behind him an unnamed soldier from Georgia is fiddling with dials in front of a row of monitor screens, while behind him an unnamed soldier from Kansas is opening a package containing apple pie sent him by his Mom. (I think this is a nice, human touch.)

General Ironblood is still peering out at the enemy. He chuckles, gloating. "Frozen in their tracks — not one of them has smashed a set. What else can they do, with that subliminal voice — sounding just like their leader — telling 'em to stand by for the Ed Sullivan show. Situation-wise, we've got them licked."

Lieutenant Crinkly doesn't look well. He is obviously trying to keep his gaze averted from the monitor screens, but despite this his expression is alert and agitated, and his head keeps moving from side to side. "Y—yes, sir," he stammers. "You've — ah — mastered the language of the new weapons very well, sir."

General Ironblood nods absently. "Yes, language-wise I don't have any trouble picking up the jargon of civilian experts. Though sometimes I miss the good old days when war was simple. Now all I do is spend my time bossing civilians around. First those crackpot physicists, then those egg-headed rocket boys, and now the grey flannel suit set. Still, I learned a thing or two from the TV agency crowd — those boys are tough." He raises his voice: "On old Western movie!"

"1932 Western movie transmitting, sir!" harks an unnamed soldier from Maine.

Meanwhile, there are unmistakable signs of impending disturbance in the vital centers of Lieutenant Crinkley's brain. He is making a valiant effort to rally, but all around him the monitor sets are flickering hypnotically. General Ironblood, intent on observing the enemy, doesn't notice. "Ha! They're beginning to drop like flies! On Zippo-Cola commercial!"

"Zippo-Cola jingle on, sir," murmurs an unnamed shapely WAC.

(Note: the shapely WAC doesn't have much of a role in my movie — I put her in so the boys who draw the newspaper ads would have something to work with. No one wants to see an all-male war movie.)

"Wow!" crow General Ironblood, "look at 'em salivate. We may not even have to use the old English movies." He turns to Crinkly, his face suddenly grave and dignified. "Of course, Crinkly, this great victory will not be entirely bloodless. Being fresh out of West Point you naturally don't know the score, so I'll explain. All of our front line troops have been certified as being immune to at least ten exposure-hours. But I dare say a few weaklings slipped by the medics." His face brightens. "Come on, gang — let's go out and count the enemy dead."

They all troop out of the bunker, the unnamed shapely WAC managing

to show a glimpse of thigh as she navigates a sandbag. Outside thousands of TV sets still flicker — and in front of each is a crumpled heap of enemy soldiers. Suddenly, at General Ironblood's feet, an enemy soldier twitches convulsively.

"One of them is still alive, sir!" warns an unnamed soldier from Harvard. "Shall I call the medics?"

General Ironblood prods the enemy soldier gently with his toe. "No, son. Survival instinct, this gook has had it. I'll put him out of his misery." He unstraps a pearl-handled portable TV set from his belt and fires a burst of cigarette commercials at point-blank range. The enemy soldier goes out like a light.

General Ironblood holsters his set and, with one foot resting dramatically on the enemy soldier's corpse, surveys the scene. "Gentlemen, the world has been made safe for NBC. It is a time for humility." His gaze falls on the nearest TV set. "Isn't that the Late Show show?"

Beside him Lieutenant Crinkly nods weakly. His respiration is becoming more and more irregular, his nose is red, his skin is pallid. Suddenly he smacks his lips, grimaces, and crumples to the ground.

The general is thunder-struck. "Crinkly! Get hold of yourself man!"

Between convulsions Crinkly stammers: "I'm — I'm not immune to TV, sir. I never was, even as a little kid..."

"Lieutenant! Watch your language! There are enlisted men present." Softly, but with heart-sick bitterness, he muses: "To think that you — a product of West Point — should turn out to be a rotten non-conformist inner-directed telephone! How in hell did you get by the medics?"

"I cheated, sir. During my tolerance tests I wore opaque contact lenses and ear plugs."

"You betrayed the West Point honor code?"

"Honor-shmonor, I wanted to do my bit, sir. I — I'm sorry, sir." He salutes, twitches a couple of times, and then lies still.

Ironblood kicks him hard. "Dead. Well, there's always one rotten apple in every barrel. At least at the end he was thinking team. Perhaps only the big MC in the sky can judge him now."

"Shall I play taps, sir?" queries an unnamed soldier from the Bronx, lifting a trumpet.

"No, son. Play — play the division song."

And as the plaintive notes of "There's No Business Like Show Business" sound over the battle-field, we come to the END.



"Really, Mr. Wilson, are you sure the desk
clerk doesn't suspect something?"

*Etchings
to
Come up
and
See
from
the collection
of
Phil Sinterlandi*



"For Pete's sake, Helen, I didn't set you up in this apartment
so you could take on baby sitting."

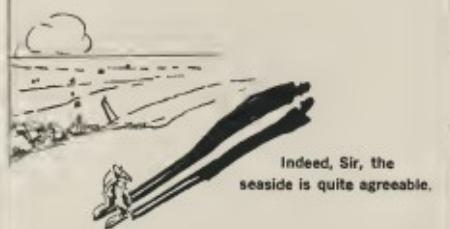


SHADOWS ON THE SAND...SPOTTED FROM A HELICOPTER



Well, well, my pretty!!

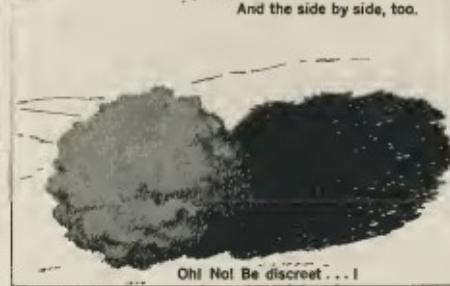
What lovely sunshine, Madame.



Indeed, Sir, the
seaside is quite agreeable.



And the side by side, too.

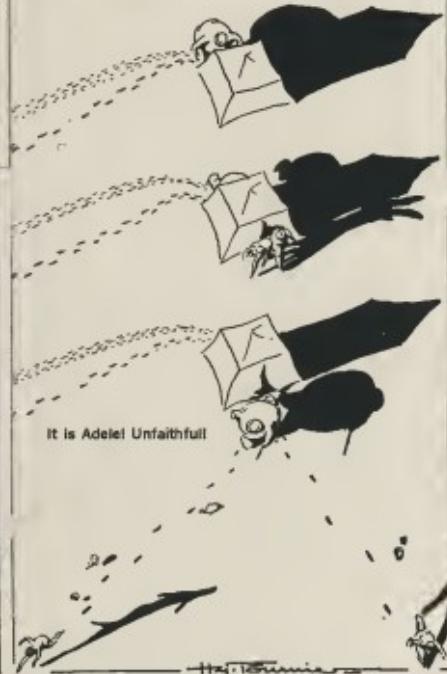


Oh! Not Be discreet...!



She: "Are you going
to finish . . . ?"
He: "Yes . . . over therel

But . . . that looked
like Adele to me



It is Adele Unfaithfull



(New York) — Just back from Miami Beach where I covered the Patterson-Johansen fight for HELP!; you know how it is in the movies . . . the concrete corridors . . . the drama, heartache and sorrow of the loser in the locker room. Well, now I've seen for myself the way it is and here are my behind-the-scenes impressions of a World Heavyweight contest.

continued —



JACK DAVIS AT A CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT



...Anyone
know where
Ingemar
Johnstone
is?



THE WEIGH IN has become a real ceremony . . . comparable to the Parade of the Torreadors or the Lighting of the Olympic Torch. Here you see the managers, the business interests, the masterminds behind the closed circuit TV and the \$100-a-seat

gate. And this is their chance to show themselves, to pose on the weigh-in platform in front of the press cameras. Roy Cohn of McCarthy fame and head of Features Sports Inc. is there. Joe Louis and Max Schmeling are there. How time flies.



FIGHT TIME — The show is on. And it isn't in the ring. The preliminaries play to a disinterested audience busy watching celebrities like Debbie Reynolds, Gary Cooper, Milton Berle, Frank Sinatra, Jack Benny . . . — After six rounds of a knock-down, get-up and knock-down fight with "Thunder and Lightning" landing from both fighters, victor Patterson gets no victory ride but is puffed, pushed and dragged, bleeding to a press room . . .

The Press Room — Here the working press really works and presses and the viewer's ordeal really begins... the battle royal. Reporters fight for position. A hundred questions are asked. A hundred cameras whirr, click and grind. The world awaits some deathless statement from the lips of Patterson... some revelation regards the titanic struggle humanity has just witnessed between him and Johanssen. And it comes...



28

Well how
did I know they'd be
working the North 40 today
... And pull your
suspenders up.



HARK THE EXTRAMARITAL LARK

BY
RONNY GRAHAM
AND
PETER de VRIES

© 1968 by Ronny Graham and Peter de Vries

His name was John Jerome,
a home he had in Passaic.
But John Jerome found
home and domesticity
Lacked the bliss that
he knew existed, he
Found that life with his wife
was a life prosaic.

Love is the lotus
That turns into lettuce:
Many are the bromides
With which marriage can beset us.
For John Jerome, each day,
Each day, each day of his life
Exchanged the same cliche,
Cliche, cliche, with his wife.

TOUGH DAY AT
THE OFFICE?
A LITTLE
HARD WORK
MAY NOT
ANSWER.

THE LIGHT IN
THE BATHROOM'S
BLUSTED

IT NEVER
RAINS BUT
IT POURS

MARRIAGE IS
A GIVE AND
TAKE.

IT TAKES
TWO TO
MAKE A
QUARREL.

MARRIAGE IS
AN INVESTIGAT-

YOU ONLY
GET OUT OF IT
WHAT YOU PUT
INTO IT.

You can say that again.

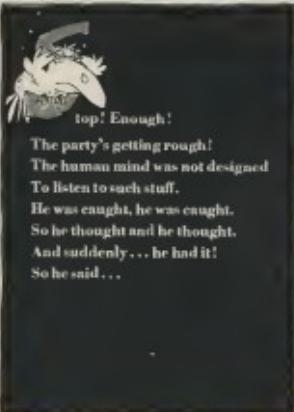
MARRIAGE IS
A GIVE AND
TAKE.

IT TAKES
TWO TO
MAKE A
QUARREL.

Did you see that?

Did you hear that?
John Jerome could see and hear,
All too plainly, all too clear,
Each word his wife would speak
Made his future look more bleak...
He grew weak
Week by week

'TIL ONE DAY...





o John Jerome decided
one fortuitous night,
He would indulge himself
in one circuitous flight.
Around the world he'd go
And blow his earnings
And of his own free will
fulfill his destiny.
And that destiny's without
question, he
Knew was connected with
his physical yearnings.



Monte Carlo!
Monte Carlo!
Where Jerome met the latest
reincarnation of Harlow.
Across a smoky, crowded
table of roulette.
He threw his cash in
with passion as he bet!



t was dry, it was hot
Like a molten metal pot
In Morocco, Morocco!
By an old minarette
He entered a young
souhrette
With tobaccoe, Tobaccoe!



in the tropic
of old Malaya
His favorite topic
was Tondelayo
Tondelayo, she was so
savage and so thrillable
Tondelayo, with the accent
on the right syllable
Tondelayo

WILL THOSE DRUMS
NEVER STOP.

IT NEVER RAINS
BUT IT POURS.



— in the Belgian

Congo Belt

He made his presence felt
When he ran across a svelte,
but sporting lady.
They were hunting elephant,
JOHN JEROME began to pant
As he popped a proposition
that was shady.

WE CAN'T FIGHT IT
IT'S BIGGER THAN
BOTH OF US.



Behind the Iron
Curtain land
There was a no more
certain hand

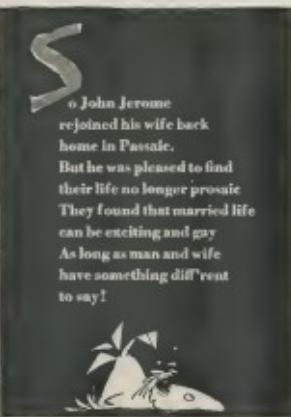
Than John Jerome on his romantic tour—
He wooed his way through Hungary
Disguised in cobalt dungarees
While improvising on *La Vie L'amour!*
Through Italy and Greece he ran,
Through Sicily and Nice he ran,
Through Teheran and Cannes he ran,
And even through Iran he ran,
He ran and ran and ran and ran and ran,
As the population shouted to a man.
What a Man!



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN
ALL MY LIFE?

WHAT A MAN!





SMOKE

Direct from the stage of Julius Monk's Upstairs at the Downstairs, one of America's top showcases of talent and satire, HELP! presents the first of a series of scenes from clubs and shows on and off Broadway. In this scene by Michael McWhinney, which can be beheld twice nightly at the Upstairs, Miss Mary Louise Wilson and Mr. Gerry Matthews present a bit of drawing room drama artfully photographed at the Herman Miller Showrooms.

HE: Cigarette?

SHE: Why not? Oh God, why not?

HE: Why not smoke?

SHE: That's no joke. Why not smoke, smoke, smoke?

HE: Light?

SHE: Thanks.

HE: So you didn't get it.

SHE: I didn't pull . . . you have to pull.

HE: Have you ever wondered as you stood there inhaling why it should take two matches to light a simple thing like a cigarette?

SHE: I guess you could say I just accept it.

Usually I pull a little harder, but last time I didn't. I wanted you to light my cigarette twice.

HE: Some things you just know.

SHE: You could tell!

HE: Though not a single word is spoken, you can tell you know and a lit cigarette tells you so well you know,

SHE: I feel I know you well enough to confide in you.

HE: I felt that way too from the moment I offered you a cigarette I knew we spoke the same language. Confide in me.

SHE: Don't laugh, please don't laugh.

HE: Don't laugh? I couldn't laugh at you, not now, not after what happened . . .

SHE: You mean two matches . . .

HE: That's what I mean. Confide in me.

SHE: Well, my secret, if you can call it a secret, is that I love to smoke.

HE: I know what you mean, I know exactly what you mean,

SHE: I don't even want to stop . . .

HE: Neither do I . . .

SHE: I suppose I could . . .

HE: But you don't really want to . . .

SHE: No, not really . . . Oh, they laugh and pretend they want to . . .

HE: Yes, if anyone really does . . .

SHE: Yes . . . I mean that's the only thing that really separates us from the apes . . . I mean when you come right down to it.

HE: It's that and more . . .

SHE: Much more . . .

HE: When you come right down to it, but do you remember the old days?

SHE: The old days?

HE: The good old days before Lucky Strike Green had gone to war?

SHE: No I don't. I'm too young, too frightfully young . . .

HE: Not a cough in a carload?

SHE: No, not I . . .

continued —



HE: I'd walk a mile for a Camel . . .
SHE: Briefly, only in passing, but
that's not remembering . . .

HE: No, that's not remembering . . .
SHE: It's sentimentality, mere,
mere sentimentality . . .

HE: Do you remember non-filters?
SHE: Non-filters?

HE: Little cigarettes?
SHE: Non-filters?
HE: I'm beginning to see we have less —

— and less in common. You know
nothing of the history, nothing!
SHE: Except that there were no filters.

SHE: What was it like then?
HE: One enjoyed it more.
SHE: No fears?

HE: No fears, just satisfaction.
Then suddenly, quite suddenly . . .
SHE: Yes, yes? . . .

HE: It all changed . . . people switched.
SHE: To a milder smoke . . . ?

HE: No, it wasn't any milder, just
longer . . . Pall Mall was very
long, you got more for your money . . .

SHE: I've heard of them, Pall Mall . . .
HE: No, Pall Mall
SHE: My mistake, but I am trying.

HE: Pall Mall's greater length filterfiltered
the smoke on the way to your throat.
SHE: That was the beginning, wasn't it?

HE: That key word, filter.
SHE: We're worlds apart, worlds and
worlds. May I have another cigarette?



HE: No, not now, not knowing what
I now know about you . . .
SHE: Then, I lack background.

HE: You're supposed to love smoking . . .
SHE: But I do . . . at least I'm trying . . .
HE: Are you, are you really trying???

SHE: Yes, I mean I couldn't be
more fascinated. But there is
so much to learn and so little time.

HE: Avalons, Wings, Virginia Rounds,
even Dominos . . .
SHE: I have much to learn . . .

HE: Call for Philip Morris . . .
SHE: I beg your pardon! . . . You've
smoked, you've really smoked.

HE: The good old days . . .
SHE: But did they have menthol?

HE: No.
SHE: Green packages with scenic mountains?

HE: No, no . . .
SHE: Recessed filters, porous paper . . .

HE: Negative.
SHE: Cork tip, flip top . . .
HE: No.

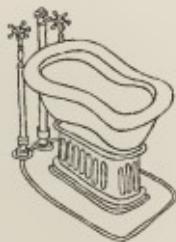
SHE: Well then, what was there? I
mean why did people go around
smoking like it never . . .

HE: There was something . . .
SHE: WHAT?
HE: They called it . . .

HE: TOBACCO!!!

THE BIDET* from CONTINENTAL CANS, a tourist's guide to European plumbing. Some gurgle; some swirl; some just fizzie. Let your American resourcefulness come to the fore. To bidet or not to bidet and the hell with it. Permit us to offer some unique but practical suggestions on this enigma.

*Bath for bottoms



Champagne Bucket



Launderette



Developing Bath



Aquarium



Foot Bath



Miniature Storm

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help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP will pay 50 cents-\$1.00 for every single cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELP! 545 5th Avenue, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope to insure return of all rejections.



D. Ellefson



**SEE THE
MERINO
STANDING
THERE, WITH
HIS LONG,
SHAGGY
HAIR**



See the merino standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



See the merino standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



See the merino standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



But Mr. Ness... you can't shoot us just because we're Italian!



See the merino standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



See the merino standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



See the merino standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



See the merino, Stan Ding, there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



"C", the merino, standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



See the merino standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.

continued

THE RISE AND THE FALL AND THE RISE

BY GEORGE KIRGO



Kirgo

For years now, ever since the time I sat helplessly by and witnessed an epidemic of Indian-card collecting back at good old Chauncer Harris Grammar School, I have been a student of trends in American culture. Perhaps it is modest of me to say so, but I believe I was one of the first to predict the present popularity of pizza, shortly after its banishment from Italy by their food-and-drug people. It was I who foresaw the rise of rock 'n' roll following the big box-office biz of "The Snake Pit." And I must say the stunning success of the Edsel was no surprise to me.

Along literary lines, my achievements in smelling out cultural cycles have been equally astounding. I was an early admirer of both William Faulkner and Norman Vincent Peale, and touted their fiction when they were sorely in need of aid. (By the way, I hereby go on record as predicting outstanding careers for Rona Jaffe, Grace Metalious and Boris Pasternak.)

A bit of trend detection I'm particularly proud of stemmed from the recent best seller, "Born Free." No doubt most of you have read this poignant story of a lioness wrested at birth from her natural habitat and raised by humans. The tenderness of this moving tale of an animal led me to feel it would launch a whole menagerie of books about beasts. Sure enough, within months two of our top sellers were "May This House Be Safe from Tigers" and "The Leopard."

How do I do it? How am I able to maintain my finger on the pulse of America so felicitously? Charts? Polls? Entrails? No, the answer is: sheer instinct.

Sheer instinct tells me there's a new trend in the making. The block-buster of the publishing world for the past six months has been William L. Shirer's "The



"I Like Eich", forthcoming

Rise and Fall of the Third Reich." It is, as some of you may have guessed from the title, an account of the ascent and decline of Nazi Germany (the third Reich). Though priced at \$10, it has sold more than 200,000 copies. Thus, sheer instinct now has me anticipating a flood (a veritable flood, even) of books about Nazi Germany.

Indications of the trend are all around us. The capture of Adolf Eichmann was certainly exciting news, but, without a trend building up, would it have sparked, by actual count, thirty-two books about this peculiar hobbyist?

(While all of these books have taken an anti-Eichmann slant, I understand his side of the story will be revealed in a forthcoming volume called "I Like Eich.")

At this writing, journalists from all over the world are gathering in Israel to report Eichmann's trial. The press and television coverage is expected to surpass that of the first Fench trial and the birth of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Jr. I hear that even Jinx Falkenberg will be there.

continued -



See the Marinos standing there,
With their long, shaggy hair.



See the merino standing...
Therewith his long shaggy hair



See thumper Enos standing there,
With his long, shaggy hair.



See the merinos,
standing there,
With their long,
shaggy hair.

Why the sudden interest in Nazi Germany? After all, it's only a little more than fifteen years since we saved the world for democracy—no, that was the first one, wasn't it? Anyway, I think this new trend may be due to the new Germany.

In 1945 Germany had been reduced to rubble, occupied by its four conquerors—the U.S., U.S.S.R., Britain and France. And where are they today? France in turmoil, a platoon of premiers sobbing somewhere, Brigitte Bardot, Britain, stripped of her colonial might, Scotland in open revolt, Diana Dors, Russia, once our ally, a land of heroes, now full of Communists. The U.S.—well, we're the same, but that's to be expected.

But look at Germany today. Or our half at least. It's the most prosperous nation in Europe. It maintains the economy of the entire continent. It's a bulwark against Red aggression. How? What happened to all the Nazis? What happened to the rubble?

And that's why we're interested in the



Germany, what happened to the rubble?

Third Reich. Everybody loves a success story.

You see, if it hadn't been for Hitler, there might never have been an Adenauer. If Germany hadn't seized Czechoslovakia and invaded Poland, there wouldn't have been a beautiful new Berlin. If Eichmann hadn't slaughtered the Jews, there'd be no Israel. If Werner von Braun hadn't developed the V-2's to unload on London, we might not have had a space program. Okay, so the Russians are ahead of us; their German scientists must be smarter than ours.)

Is it any wonder that "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich" has outsold "Please Don't Eat the Daisies." Or that four major studios are planning seven

A platoon of Premiers sobbing somewhere, and Brigitte Bardot.

major movies about Eichmann (watch for the return of Otto Preminger)? Or that Hitler has been reported working as a Good Humor salesmen in San Diego?

Why don't you climb aboard the cycle? Find out for yourselves how Germany came to be an example to the world, its recovery an inspiration to backward countries wherever they may flourish. Remember: only by thorough study of its history—and what is history but names and events (e.g., Goering, Goebbels, Rotterdam, Coventry)—can you profit from its example.

What's even better, you'll be reminded of a few things you once thought you'd never forget. But hell, it's been fifteen years.

END



Unless your check
is received at this office
within ten days, your
telephone will be
disconnected.





BULLETIN

No sweat,
Mom, I'm only
going in the
Peace Corps.





SLIDE RULE CUFF LINKS AND TIE BAR

If you're an engineer or math whiz, we won't have to say another word. It's you other guys we want to talk to. How long are you going to let yourself be talked down by those mathematical doubledeuces? Fight back! Get yourself a slide rule tie clip and cuff links (they actually work). Then when they ask, "If 2 men build 2 houses in 2 days," just loosen your tie and smack him in the face.

Slide rule clip or links \$4.50 Gold plate clip or links \$1.95

PRO AND CON PILLOW- CASES

"I went out with Siamese twin girls last night... Have a good time?" "Well, yes and no..." Those two words speak volumes. Take these quality pillow cases. They both have the same design on one side, a "no" in blue on the other. The greatest thing for a timid housewife since Wally Cox. Makes a perfect wedding or anniversary gift, too. \$1.95 pair

THE HELP! CRIBBING PEN



Here is the most revolutionary aid to education since the printing press—The Help! Cribbing Pen. And here's how it works. Before the exam you write down the facts on the roll of paper that unfolds them—the secret of all corporate success needs memory. (All top executives depend on notes.) Then comes test-time, as you are scribbling away with your right hand your left hand is unrolling the notes. After you've reviewed your recitation, roll the paper back out of sight. \$2.00

\$1000 CASH IN \$3 BILLS

Back in 1836, the Republic of Texas issued these \$3 bills. You can now buy \$1000 worth of these bills for 99¢. They're great for the perils of inflation. Your \$34 bills make a wonderful bankroll to wow a girl or that smart-sleek wallet. 198



STILL MORE SYMBOLS BY JACK WOHL!



A



B



C



D

Jack Wohl's symbols are becoming overexposed—containing. On bear mugs, ash trays, well-known mugs, record sleeves, etc., everywhere. Now you can act as a carrier of this symbol system. Eat, smoke, and mount symbols! Other symbols have appeared as Walnuts in HELP!, remember. The Connoisseurs, is available elsewhere on these pages—so you've reached yet!



E



F



SATIRICAL DUST JACKETS

Do friends laugh at your book-lined room? Just put these dust jackets on ten of your books and they'll really laugh. The awful handwriting by designed packers are:
"How to Cheat the Federal Government on Your Income Tax!"
"Pregnancy: Its Causes and Treatment"
"Friend Pornography—Illustrated"
"101 Decorating All 10 titles for \$2.00

Plans for Men's Rooms
"A Condensed History of Fingernail Salings"

"An Anthology of Restroom Poetry, edited by Kilroy."
"How to Use for Dandruff!"

"So You Want to be a Librarian?"
"How to Lose Gracefully at Russian Roulette"

"Lincoln the Man and His Coat."

All 10 titles for \$2.00



CIGARETTE-CASE-AND- LIGHTER AUTOMATIC

You level the automatic at her belly! Her eyes plead with you. You slowly squeeze the trigger. Zap! The top flies open revealing a cache of cigarettes. Now her eyes widen. You squeeze the trigger again. Snik! The bottom opens like a clamshell. Light her Marlboro. "I'm sending you over." You pocket your persuader, turn up the collar of your trenchcoat, and disappear into the dusk.

A (for regular) \$2.95
B (for king) 3.95

GO BACKWARD IN TIME

This clock runs backward clockwise. The numbers run counter-clockwise. The hands move backward! It tells the accurate time, of course. These numbers are n't where they should be.反向。It makes us a little uneasy. It's as though we were going backward in time, like the guy in "Wile E. Coyote and the Road Runner." That damn thing gives us the creeps. Turn it around for the clock if you want, but let's not talk about it.

\$8.95



SAVE YOUR HELP! FOR POSTERITY

Do you file your news clippings? Throw them away? Well, you certainly won't when you're so careless about your HELP! magazines. Michael Kurtzman is President; they'll be printed on paper's a gold embossed, genuine surrogate leather cover. Believe me, Henry Luce wishes he could buy one of these when he started. TIME—\$2.50



TGIF TIE BAR AND LINKS

There are only two kinds of girls. The first kind is the girl you'd like to marry; the second kind is the girl you don't want to marry. And the third kind is the bar-cuff link set. This is the kind of girl you don't have to marry. And the bar-cuff link set is a social must. By the way, the TGIF stands for "Thank God It's Friday." (Specify gold or silver) \$3.95



SPACE FORMULA JEWEL- RY

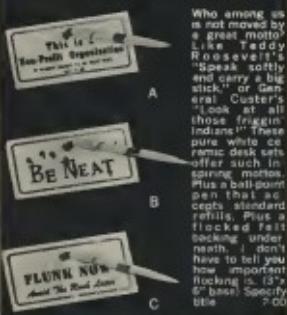
What's the formula for getting a projectile into space? Stop shuffling your feet and start running! Just like you did. You haven't the longest notion. Well, calm yourself. Here's a handsome tie bar and cuff link set that bears the formula in rich raised symbols. Do you know what this formula in fall into the hands of the Red Chinese. If you do, we're in for it. (Specify in gold or silver) \$3.95



BARBECUED SPARROWS and QUAIL EGGS

All over America people are serving dishes made from the remains of sparrows and quail eggs. But you're different. You're a bit vicious. Right? Now don't be modest. You know your taste buds are echoing for these good-tasting, barbecue spiced appetizers. These little birds come in a savory sauce. Quail eggs are salt water. That's living! Sparrows 1.25 eggs 1.25

INSPIRATIONAL DESK SETS



Who among us is not moved by a great motor? Like Teddy Roosevelt's "Speak softly and carry a big stick," or General Custer's "Look at all those damned Indians!" These pure white ceramic desk sets will bring back the spring mites. Plus a belt-pen that acts censurably around mites. Plus a flocking felt seeking under nests. Don't know how important flocking is. (3" x 6" base) Specify white \$7.00



THE UNEARTHLY BLACK BOX

There it sits. Green smoke, waiting. The switch is thrown to On. There is a grinding of gears. The box vibrates as though gripped by a giant hand. The hand is slowly moving and from beneath it is emerging a hand. The hand seizes the box and disappears. Off. Then it vanishes into the box and the hand shot! Fabulous, you say? Incredible! Extraordinary? It's nothing, really. \$4.95

WATCH WATCHERS NIGHT LIGHT

Ever wake up at night wondering what time it is? Wondering how long you've been asleep? Wondering who's been in your room? And where's the alarm? This unusual watch stand has a light in its hood and a battery in its base. Just touch a switch and the light comes on. Your watch face? In a flash you know the time — it's 3:30 and you haven't slept a wink! \$1.95



before

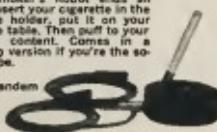


after

DON'T GET BURNED IN BED

You'd be amazed at the accidents caused by a butt in bed... Mattresses, etc. The Smoker's Robot ends all that. Insert your cigarette in the chrome holder, put it on your smoking table. Then rest your heart's content. Comes in a tandem version if you're the social type.

\$1.95
\$2.95 tandem



GIANT "VIENNESE" CARDS

"Giant cards? Who needs it?" you snort. But picture this. You're playing strip poker with this doll, see? She's down to her unmentionables and you're meaning nothing but you still have her. You're blindfolded. You're blindfolded! So the game is controlled! But with giant playing cards, you can see! You win three straight hands — and then — and then — \$3.95



DECISION MAKER'S DART BOARD

You know the difference between you and the President of GM? \$200,000.00 a year, that's the difference. But his ability to make big decisions. But don't look so gloomy. You can make yourself ready to be a decision maker. Just hurt the dart and — throw fat — your decision is made. "Yes," "No," "Ask your barber," "Employ double talk," etc.



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- PERPETUAL MOTION

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- A B
- SPACE JEWELRY
- A S
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CONFORMERS
by JACK WOHL

JACK WOHL'S
THE CONFORMERS
PERSONALLY AUTO-
GRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR
\$1.50

ARE YOU
IN OR
OUT?
Benton &
Schmidt's
IN AND
OUT BOOK.
Some
people are
in, others
are out.

This little book tells exactly what's in and what's out. So if you're interested in getting or staying in, this is for you. \$1.95

WHAT
NOT
TO NAME
THE BABY



THE PRICE IS
RIDICULOUS
Roger Price's
WHAT NOT TO NAME
THE BABY
Will you soon be
hearing the pat-
ter of little feet?
Then here's a book
that will help you.
It's Roger
Price's new dic-
tionary, which
tells you what
names mean and
what they really
mean, like
"Harriet," Harriet
is a name that's
going to bring
everybody she
is евгіні. Nobody
much cares." \$1.50

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FOR PEOPLE WHO
HATE GAMES
The SON OF MAD
LIBS. Parties are
now taken by
MAD LIBS. Each
guest contributes
a noun or adjective
to be inserted into
the story as it ap-
pears in the gaps
in a paragraph.
Names, place names,
adjectives, etc., can
be obscene and not
abreuve. If you
have a party game
you'll love MAD
LIBS. \$1.00

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- THE EXPLAINERS
- BOP FABLES
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- THE IN AND OUT BOOK
- THE QUESTION MAN
- USTINOV'S DIPLOMATS

TWO KURTZMAN
CLASSICS
Harvey Kurtzman's JUNGLE
BOOK and his
HUMBUG DI-
GEST. So you
thought that life
was good? Well,
so did Seymour
Mednick. But in
the Jungle Book
you found out
otherwise. On Mad-
ison Avenue, on
the radio, in the
jungle, man! It's a
jungle, man! ... →



HUMBUG was a
magazine that
was destroyed by
the big magazine
chains because
they told the truth. It
said, "This mag-
azine is going
to tell the truth."
It did. It pro-
duced some rare
hilarious Kurtzman
cartoons, not to men-
tion, though God
knows, he's trad-
ing off HUMBUG
DIGEST and THE
JUNGLE BOOK
for \$1.00.



BY GEORGE KIRGO
HOW TO WRITE
TEN DIFFERENT
BEST SELLERS
IN 30 SECONDS
FOR YOUR
SPARE TIME AND
BECOME
THE FIRST
AUTHOR
ON YOUR
FLOOR
UNLESS...

Steve Allen's
BOF FABLES.
Mary, as we all
know, had a little
problem with her
medical history.
Now Steve Allen
has had his way
again, and other
nursery charac-
ters and trans-
lated Asleep's
greatest hits. The
experience of the
naps. Hear how
the turtles nap
and the ants with
the hives and all
that jazz. \$1.00

GEORGE KIRGO'S
"HOW TO WRITE
TEN BEST
SELLERS"
Want to learn
to write smutty
stories? Well, Kirgo
is good enough to
write those now. But to
turn out some-
thing really
good, well, read this Kirgo
classic, HELPI
Editor Kirgo is
writing better here
than he is in
HELP! — \$3.50

PETER USTINOV
Peter Ustinov's
USTINOV'S DIP-
LOMATs. As
everybody knows,
Peter Ustinov is
one of the last
ones to be rolled
into one. Peter
is novelist, mon-
ologuer, and also
contains Lincoln.
In this book, he
poems as a diplo-
mat from a dozen
of nations. Like
the Arshian who
says: "Your Cadi-
llac is my Cadillac."

\$1.50



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SEQUITURIFIC
31 STORIES FROM
THE QUESTION
MAN. In it Steve
offers many en-
ticing and provocative
questions. An example? "An-
swer: The Don-
ald, Mrs. Harriet
Harrington, and the
Queen of Hearts.
Question: What is
one's right hand?" Profusely
illustrated with
halftones of
Stevanovic. \$1.50



FOR PEOPLE WHO
HATE GAMES
The SON OF MAD
LIBS. Parties are
now taken by
MAD LIBS. Each
guest contributes
a noun or adjective
to be inserted into
the story as it ap-
pears in the gaps
in a paragraph.
Names, place names,
adjectives, etc., can
be obscene and not
abreuve. If you
have a party game
you'll love MAD
LIBS. \$1.00



PETER USTINOV

PRODUCTS FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE THEM PERSONALIZED



\$100.00 ON YOUR
HEAD! Want to
show people that
you're wanted? A
\$3000 dead or alive
poster you as
Mr. Ed Flanders. It's
11 x 17 printed in two
colors. \$3.95



\$100.00 AND JAYNE
MANSFIELD. Picture
your favorite movie
poster with Jayne
Mansfield. Of course
your name is printed
on the poster, but with
your fiddle you're
lucky to be in the
orchestra. \$3.95

This Car Made Especially For
RALPH SPEAR

The Ford Motor Company once brought
out a car called the Lincoln Continental with
"Your name on a gold-toned plaque on the
dashboard." The ad didn't say how much the
plaque would cost without the car. Well,
you know (see Photo). \$3.00

See Kidin
Yourself. No
one else can do
what you're doing.
But who needs the
years of practice
and experience
with producers.
All you do is de-
sign and record
your song and we'll
put your name
on an album.
\$2.95

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Please send item checked. I've enclosed
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shipping.

Send to:

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YOUR NAME HERE
INTIMATE
BACKGROUND
FOR LOVERS



SEE? ALL KINDS WANT HELP!

The above was clipped from the British magazine PUNCH, clear evidence of our popularity over there. So how come you're living right here in Brooklyn and you don't even have a subscription?



HELP!3 HELP!4 HELP!5 HELP!6



HELP!7 HELP!8 HELP!9 HELP!10

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Philadelphia 38, Penna.

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Subscription Dept. H-11
1426 East Washington Lane
Philadelphia 38, Penna.

Send HELP! I have enclosed
\$2.95 for 9 issues of HELP!

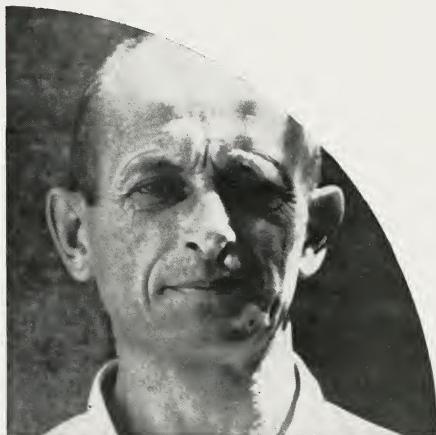
Name.....

Address.....

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State.....

4 PROBLEMS 1 SOLUTION



THEY NEED
HELP!

**HOME
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SEE OUR DETAILS

ABSOLUTELY
ON SALE HERE

*At the heart
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Community*

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SEASON
TICKETS**